Woman Invades Man's Field:

Counsellor to U. S. Embassy

Mrs. Edward Bell wife of the secre-tary to the American eminascy at Tokio, Japan, has invaded another field hereto-fore regarded as man's exclusive prov-ince. She has been formally approunded to the diplomatic post of counsellor to the embassy. Her many official duties do not prevent her from giving every recessary attention to her household and to the upbringing of her little daugh-ter.

Praise, Not Blame, Brings Rich Rewards

BY DOROTHY DIX,

praise and blame just as weapons of offense and defense? We don't realize it, but we grown-ups hardly ever speak to children except to find fault with them, which must be pretty wearing on

the nerves of the children. when asked his name, reply that was, "Willie Don't"-and persisted i the assertion that that was what he was called at home. Our daily com-

was called at home. Our daily communion with our offspring runs something like this:

"Willie, don't make so much noise.
Don't eat with your knife. Don't scrape
your feet on the floor. Don't whistie.
How many times have I told you not
to leave your skates in the living room,
and not to make finger prints on that
mahogany table. Why don't you study
your lessons, and for pity's sake can't
you act like a gentleman instead of a
hoodlum."

you act like a gentleman instead of a hoodium."

Yes, life for the average child is just one don't after another, and familiarity preeds contempt, so that he gets to the place where he doesn't even hear them to say nothing of being restrained by them. As one child said to me with unconscious cynicism, "Oh, mother's got the don't habit. She always says don't ne matter what you ask her, so we just go along and do as we please."

Of course, parents say, and truly, that they must correct their children's faults, but they overlook one of the fundamental characteristics of humanity, which is the impulse to be what people expect us to be. This instinct is peculiarly strong in the breast of children. There is, therefore, no way in which you can so surely make a boy rough and tough, as by telling him that he is rough and tough, and centering his attention on his uncouthness. Eventually he will come to take a pride in being a hoodium.

On the other hand, to make a boy a santleman is to present the large.

being a hoodlum.

On the other hand, to make a boy a gentleman is to praise him for his good manners and his courtesy. Tell him that you are so glad that he does not hold his knife and fork in the awkward way in which some other little boy does. Let him see that you observe that he took his hat off in an elevator, and that he stood up when ladies entered the second of the second in the stood of the second in the seco and that he stood up when ladles en-tered a room, and that he never falls to give his seat to a woman on the car, and you will make a considerate and courteous gentleman of him be-cause you have given him a knightly standard of himself to which he has to live up.

child was no student and hated school. One time when there were guests at dinner at his home some discussion arose over a point in American history. The little boy, who had just had that period of history in his school lesson, was able to set the whole company right. His gratified mother related the circumstance in his hearing to two or three friends on different occasions and wound up by saying. "You know Benny is quite a historian."

Up to that minute Benny had never

ognient, and makes sarcastic remarks bout marriage, is it any wonder that e wife does not think it worth while take any trouble to please him, or make herself attractive to him. But if a man openly admires his wife, he praises her cooking, and holds or up as a model of thrift and good anagement, and if he boasts that she akes her home the pleasantest place akes her home the pleasantest place on earth, is it not inevitable that that wife will work herself to death trying to be the cook and housekeener her husband thinks her to be, and bite her tongue off rather than say one cross

And if a woman is forever complaining that her husband is grouchy and disagreeable to live with, who can biame him if he justifies her strictures, for there is small temptation to come home to a nagging wife, or to kiss whining lips.

But if a woman is forever telling her husband how kind and good and generous he is, and how she thanks heaven for having vouchsafed her such a treasure, is it not dollars to doughnuts that he will be to her, indeed, a matrimonial prize.

matrimonial prize (Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syn dicate, Inc.)

As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY. "I am going to see my friend, nut-in," said a woman to her co

"I am going to see my friend, the shut-in," said a woman to her companion.

"How flippantly you speak of the poor soul," retorted the ofter, "It does sound flippant, doesn't it? But that is what she calls herself and it is what most of her friends call her, and it is never, never said in a flippant manner. I should like so much to take you with me and let you meet her, but she is a bit bashful sometimes about meeting strangers. She is the sweetest, prettiest person as to face, but she is badly twisted and deformed and must lie in hed the rest of her life. The strangest thing about her is that people never go to see her to entertain her or cheer her up, but they go to be entertained. She knows more interesting people and has more friends than anybody else I know.

"I'll tell you her secret of happiness. She cannot go about, and so she reads a great deal and takes great pleasure in her victrola. She makes a practice, in fact it is almost a business, she is so punctual and methodical about it, of writing notes of thanks to authors, artists and singers who have given her even the briefest moment's pleasure through their works. She has written letters of appreciation and encouragement to young and struggling authors and composers who have later reached faine. Often this note has developed into a regular correspondence and it is an event of no mean importance when one of her long distance friends' some of the greatest opera singers in the country, some of the most famous authors, as well as some very interesting, but poor and unknown, writers and singers. "When people in public life do something commendable she writes them a note thanking them, no matter how humble or how lofty their station. The answers to these letters of appreciation form one of the most interesting collections imaginable. My shut-in friend is far from sad and forlorn. She is one of the cherriest, brightest persons I know. Her knowledge of books, music and plays is nothing short of marvelous. Her interest in present day affairs and her advanced vi

"Like it?" Why, I not only would like to mee her but I would almost like to change claces with her. Oh, what a nice nice this world would be if we had more such shut-ins and fewer fussy, self-imagined invalids."

(Copyright, 1920.)

The total annual loss to farm crops in the United States is estimated at \$1,104,869,300.

BEDTIME STORY

"If it's a nice one 1 do," quacked Luiu.

"But the trouble is often my adventures are not nice," spoke the bunny uncle, "I so often get into trouble with the Pipsisewah or the Skeezicks." "But you always get out again." quacked Luiu as she waddled on to school, "Anyhow, Uncle Wiggily, please bring me something," she begged.

So the bunny gentleman said he would, and then on he hopped over the fields and through the woods to look for an adventure.

But, as it happened, adventures were scarce that day. Mr. Longears saw neither the Pip nor the Skee, and as for the Skuddlemagoon, that chap was nowhere in sight, for which the bunny was thankful.

"Well, I guess I may as well go back horse." said Uncle Wiggily, sort of disappointed like. "But what can I bring Lulu?"

Just then he heard a voice singing. "Who will buy? Who will buy? Red and green and blue.

They are very strong and nice.

Just the thing for you."

"What is so strong and nice?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I hope you are not talking about onions!"

"Certainly not," answered a joily voice. "I am selling rubber balloons, extra strong and you can blow them up and sit on them if you want to They will not break."

"But I don't want to sit on a blown-up balloon!" objected Uncle Wiggily. "Why should I?"

"True, very true," spoke a monkey doodle gentleman coming out of the woods just then with a bundle of blown-up balloons, red, green and blue floating in the air over his head. "But some of your friends might like one."

"That's so" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Luiu asked me to bring her something. I'll take her a balloon." So ho bought a big, strong, red one of the monkey doodle gentleman and him. Tracle Wiggily hopped home to Luiu with it.

"Oh, how lovely!" quacked the duck girl when she saw the balloon. You Now that spring is coming on little boys will be discarding coats and, of course, will need new blouses to keep them looking fresh and clean. No. 2615 is a good style which may have a detachable or stitched-on collar.

The boy's blouse No. 2615 is cut in sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 14s yards 32-inch material.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles here. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine, containing all the good, new styles, hints on dressmaking, etc., for 5c, or 3c, if ordered with a pattern.

Our fashions and patterns are furnished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city.

Luiu with it.
"Oh, how lovely!" quacked the duck girl when she saw the balloon. "You couldn't have brought me anything

nicer."
"I'm glad you like it." Uncle Wiggily said. "The monkey doodle told me you could sit on these balloons, they were so strong."
"Oh, I'm going to try!" quacked Lulu. She put the big round, red balloon down on the floor and tried to sit on it. But the balloon rolled away, like a rubber ball, and Lulu had to chase it all around the room.

"I guess that monkey doodle was joking." laughed Uncle Wiggily, as he saw Lulu trying to sit on the balloon. "I guess I'll have to jump to get on it!" quacked the duck gir!. So she gave a little spring and, going up in the air she came down on the red balloon with both feet. And then a funny thing happened.

For Lulu popped up in the air just as Jimmie and Bully, the frog, had jounced up and down on the spring board. Up and down bounced Lulu when was health.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Did you ever pause to consider the relative effectiveness of aise and blame just as weapons of offense and defense? We on't realize it, but we grown-ups hardly ever speak to children cept to find fault with them, which must be pretty wearing on the nerves of the children. Not without cause did the little boy.

Not without cause did the little boy.

Not without cause did the little boy.

Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthington.

Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthingto

bounces
"Oh, how wonderful" cried Lulu.
Down came the bunny on the balloon again, and once more he bounced up higher than before
"Quite remarkable" quacked Lulu.
"I haven't done yet," exclaimed Mr. Longears, taking a long breath. Then he came down extra hard on the balloon and when he went bouncing up the next time his head bit the ceiling with a big hang whack.

the next time his head bit the ceiling with a big hang whack.

'Oh, what's that? What's!' !?" cried Mrs. Wibblewobble, who was in the room upstairs. 'Is the Pipsisewah or the Skeezicks trying to hreak in? Oh, where's Uncle Wiggily?"

"He's bouncing on my bouncer and it was his head that hit the ceiling!" said Lulu. 'Go on, Uncle Wiggily. Do it some more! It was awfully funny!" she laughed.

The bunny swung to one side as he descended and same down on the carpet. He didn't land on the bouncer this time.

pet. He didn't land on the bouncer this time.

"I've had enough." he said, rubbing his pink, twinkling nose "And don't you go as high as the ceiling, Lulu, or youll have a lump on your head."

So the little duck girl said she would not and she and her sister Alice had fun on the bouncer balloon, and Nurse Jane said Mr. Longears was a funny rabbit.

rabbit.

Well, perhaps he was. But if the furnace doesn't come up from down cellar and try to dance with the kitchen store, getting ashes all over the parlor.

ork in thin slices and cover the boton of the kettle. Add a little red pepper and one onlon (if liked) siliced thin. Let stand where it will simmer a little for about 10 minutes. Then add the potatoes cut in pieces less than the size of an egg. Pour over sufficient water to cook the potatoes and boll briskly IIII done; then remove to the serving dish, placing the meat on top. Pour into the liquid in the kettle one cup milk; thicken this gravy and pour over the stew, adding a little butter substitute.

Mock Apple Pie—Slice pie pumpkin a little thinner than apples to fill a tim quite full. Pour on boiling water and stand back of stove while crust is being prepared. Sprinkle crust with a spoonful of flour, sugar to taste, a

For the Table

quarter teaspoon of sait. Then pour in the drained pumpkin slices, .two tablespoons of vinegar and the juice of a

Mrs. Bell and her daughter.

Two Girls Love Same Man; What Can He Do?

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson-I am a man of 24 and am going with two girls of fine families. I like both, but do not love them, as my chief interest is in my business. The girls seem to care for no one but me, and seem burt if I do not caress and kiss them as they are ever ready for me to do. Am I doing the right

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

velope with your queries, it Marshall, The News Scimitar

FARMS AND WOODLETS.

the fact that their woodlands are an asset instead of a liability. Their 200,000,000 acres—well on to 40 per cent of the total timbered area of the United States today—must be made to do their part by adding to their owners income, and cur country's wealth, says the American Forestry Magazine.

Rice and Peanut Butter—Boil one-half cup of rice until tender, in boiling, saited water Pour over it one pint of thin white sauce, to which one-half cup of peanut butter has been added. You will find this a tasty combination.

Escalleped Tuna Fish—Butter baking dish, put in layer of crackers and so on with crackers on top. Melt one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet, add one large diced opion, pour over dish, add one tablespoon fat in skillet. The dolling the desired wealth, says the American Forestry wealth, says the American Forestry Magazine.

Many are looking at the esthetic said and are beginning to realize the extent to which woodland adds to the beauty of the farming country, and to describe a distance to describe and their case and have it. Interest to do their part by adding to their two

Dear Mrs. Thompson—a woman mar-ried a widower with a son. She had one child by him and her husband died. She then married the son by his first wife. They had one child. What is the relationship of the three children?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a man of 25. About five years ago I met a girl visiting her aunt. I asked the girl for a date and she said she would let me know but failed to do so. I hated the girl and had nothing to do with her afterward. Now I am located in the same town with the girl. The girl passes my place of business almost daily and now and then has a few words to say to me. She calls me by my first name, although I always address her as Miss. I really like her but want her to ask me why I do not come to see her. People say the girl is self-conceited, but I do not think so now. Would it be proper for me to sak her to allow me to call, and would it be all right to take a box of candy along on my first visit? Do you think that by calling me by my first name she is trying to encourage me?

that by calling me by my first name she is trying to encourage me?

BLACK EVES.

Of course you could ask her to allow you to call. Your action in trying to make her ask you first is fooish and no girl with self-respect asks the man to call unless he has shown a desire to do so. It would be all right to take candy along if she allows you to call. Her use of your first name certainly indicates that she regards you as a friend.

Dear Mrs. Thompson-Please give mathe address of a firm that does steam plaiting. M. M. Kraus & Co., Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Mrs. Thompson— I am a girl of 17 and I do not take the boys seriously. I met a boy recently. I do not know anything about him. He lives in a small town near where I do not have acquaintances or relatives. How can I find out regarding his family standing? When a boy leaves after a call is there any harm in shaking hands with him?

You must have a father, brother or male relative. If you will tell his of the boy, he can have little difficulty in learning about his family without undue publicity. There is no harm at all in shaking hands with a boy caller when he leaves. In fact it is the only polite way to bid him good-bye.

A New Friend—I agree with you in your ideas regarding the way some girls act today, but can not publish your letter owing to my rules regarding space, and also of not publishing letters that require no reply. I thank you for your interest in my work.

Mine — Better pay attention to your mother. She knows best and I agree with her. I regret to tell you that I do not meet people personally and can not make visits. The only way you can reach me is through the mail.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syn-dicate, Inc.) An ideal husband, who hath found For his price is far above Liberty bonds!

The heart of his wife delighteth in him, and she shall have no lack of envy amongst women.

He ariseth at the first sweet note of the alarm clock, and putteth the coffee on the fire.

He bringeth his wife's breakfast to her bedside and serveth it with his own hands.

He taketh in the cream and the locand the mail, and the newspaper—and feedeth the cat and the Pekinese.

He findeth his own things, and dresseth wiithout swearing.

He doth not open his wife's letters! There is no curiosity in him.

He departeth for the office with soft footsteps, lest he disturb his wife's beauty slumber.

He laboreth all day in the office, and doeth his wife's errands in the noon hour.

He seeth not the blond stenographer and the office fiirt hath no charms for him!

He keepeth his wife's picture on his desk.

Six days of the week doth he labor For his price is far above Liberty

Six days of the week doth he labor

Six days of the week doth he labor for his living, and upon the seventh he moweth the lawn and weedeth the garden for diversion.

He arriveth home always promptly upon the dinner hour, bringing kisses and compliments and confectionery. His mouth is filled with praises for his wife, and he admireth her hats! Upon the cook's day out, he feedeth cheerfully upon cold tongue and delicatessen salad, and when he hath eaten helpeth his wife with the dishes.

Loon Saturday night, he taketh his wife forth to the cabaret, or to the phow, he dolleth up in his dress clothes without murmuring. show; he dolleth up in his dress clothes without murmuring.

He putteth the studs in his own shirt, and powdereth his wife's back without grumbling.

He doth not spend the evening in staring at other women!

When she goeth forth by his side, the heart of his wife rejoiceth in him. He shineth amongst the unkempt married men as a flower in a field of almate.

hath:

Many husbands have been cailed "good"—but he excelleth them all.

Then, give him the reward of his labors, which is the bottom drawer of the chiftenier and one hook in the clothes closet.

Go to, go to! Say not unto me, that no such husband liveth!

For io I have known a hundred such! no such husband liveth!
For io, I have known a hundred such!
But alas, they do not get into the
newspapers! Their names are not in
the mouths of the multitude, and their
wives are their only press agents!
Selah

FEAR COSTS HIS LIFE.

TEAR COSTS HIS LIFE.

In killing gray or other rabbite, larger weasels run them down, jump upon their backs and inflict the death wound by a bite just back of the ear. Sometimes hunters or others have witnessed these tragedies, and have taken the rabbit for their share—the weasel being in some cases lucky to get off with its life, says the American Forestry Magazine. While the chase is on the rabbit will often give up, and squarting down, commence to squeal in the most pittful manner, until its mercless hunter takes its life. Of course, were the rabbit not so terrified—its heart nearly bursting with fear for its life—it could easily escape, for no weasel living could overtake a rabbit on a stern chase rup-





VIRGIN TIMBER IN WEST.

Washington contain the largest reservoirs of virgin timber left in the United

States, and a large proportion of the lumber used by the country comes from

lumber used by the country comes from this region, says the American Forestry Magazine, of Washington, D. C. Washington has, since 1905, held foremost place among the states in quantity of lumber produced; Oregon now ranks third in production, but first in volume of standing timber, and it will not he long before the increasing annual cut will place her at the head, or next the head, of timber-producing states.

The forests of Western Oregon and







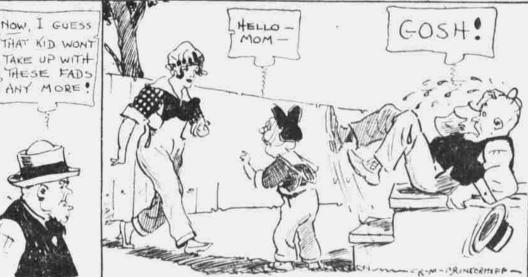
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mom's a Regular Girl, Eh





NOW, MARY, I WANT TO TALK





JOE'S CAR-Bet Joe's Knees Are Knocking Together

